

THE COMET.

VOL. I.

JOHNSON CITY, TENN., SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1884.

NO. 2.

Green cucumbers are on sale in the New York market.

Ripe watermelons have made their appearance in Jacksonville, Florida.

The new telegraph line in Chicago to have its wires laid underground, at the expense of the city.

A battle ranch in Texas has just sold to an English company for \$10,000.

It is impossible for a man to despair, remembers that his Helper is potent.

Congress has 479 employees that cost one-quarter of a million, and still want more.

New York city pays annually \$9,200,000 for pure milk and \$6,200,000 for mixed milk and water.

Others cannot even find time to be so industrious to be at least. We must be always doing or suffering.

A man who needs forty cents worth whisky to give him an appetite for fifteen cents dinner always has the repast.

The man who deliberately goes into temptation is like one who holds a candle that the devil may find him more easily.

The Public Library of Boston contains 423,116 bound volumes. It stands as No. 10 of the great libraries of the world.

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for every man has need to be forgiven.

The recent flood in the Ohio river was higher by five feet than it has been any year since 1832. In that year it was 64 feet, last year 66 and this year 71.

One hundred and seventy-one locomotives on the Reading Railroad were run during the last year with coal not, effecting a saving of \$388,000.

The Missouri democratic papers are generally for the old ticket. They are divided between McDonnell and Morrison for second choice.

President Taylor, of the Mormon church, said the other day: "When they come west to wipe out polygamy they will find 100,000 muskets pointing eastward."

No other man in the United States is nearer the heart, so strong in the conscience of the democracy as Samuel J. Tilden. With him in advance the party would be sure of victory.

It is written on the slate in Pennsylvania that the republican state convention, while warmly endorsing Arthur's administration, will instruct the delegates at large to the Chicago convention to vote for Blaine.

Congressman Denton, of Milwaukee, wants the democratic nomination as governor of Wisconsin, and has a glimmering hope that the prohibitionists might reduce the republican vote enough to give him an election.

The Wheeling Intelligencer, a republican paper, says that, on the democratic side, West Virginia is Tilden's, it is so, and that on the republican side West Virginia is committed to anybody at present.

A Vermont man has a hen 39 years old. The other day a hawk stole it, but after an hour came back with a broken bill and three claws gone, put down the hen and took an old rubber boot in place of it.

Dan Vorhees is not exactly a candidate for the vice presidential nomination, but if it becomes necessary for him to make a sacrifice in order to save the country he will take the place, so his friends in Washington say.

It has been computed that Englishmen own 30,941,666 acres of American soil, or a territory about as large as Ireland, which has 20,818,111 acres. Now if England could only arrange to "swap" the population of the two districts how happy the average Britisher would be!

While a dance was in progress at Dallas a pistol shot suddenly rang through the room, and one of the young ladies fell to the floor with a painful but not dangerous wound in her leg. It is supposed that one of the dancers had a pistol in his pocket which was accidentally discharged. The culprit did not divulge his identity.

Hon. A. S. H. has been quoted in Washington dispatches to Northern journals as stating that he recently dined with Mr. Tilden, and that it was "painful to witness the great feebleness" of the age of Granerney Park. Mr. Hewitt telegraphs the Boston Post that he never made such a statement, and that he has not seen Mr. Tilden since last July.

Secretary Folger, by mistake, appointed a democrat to superintend the construction of the new government building at Williamsport, Pa., but the republican patriots made such a disturbance that the secretary recalled the appointment and selected another man.

John Sherman's boom in the Ohio legislature stands this way, according to the canvass of the Columbus State Journal: Twenty-three of the fifty-six republican members favor his nomination for president; eleven for Lincoln for vice president; eleven for Blaine and six would as soon have Arthur as any other candidate.

The board of public works and Chamber of Commerce of Cincinnati are considering the propriety of filling up about high-water mark that portion of the "bottoms" directly in front of the city and occupied by the whole-sale and other important business interests. The city engineer reported that it would cost \$20,000,000 an estimate which startled the projectors of the scheme.

New York's new water supply will cost from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000. The works will be located in western Chester county, thirty-five miles from the city. A dam 250 feet high will form a reservoir of fifty-eight billion gallons capacity. New York city daily consumes 100,000,000 gallons of water, and when the new reservoir is completed the capacity for storage will reach 400,000,000 gallons daily.

Photographic likenesses are no longer considered the thing for the rich, the great or the beautiful, either in England or in this country. The old fashioned, ivory painted miniature is now the rage, and if the "counterfeit presentment" is not quite so true to nature as those that the sun makes for us. It leaves the field open for artistic flattery and idealizing. An English artist lately came over here hoping to print the belles and beauties of the new world in miniatures.

Dave Walker of Anderson's store, was one of the best North Carolina soldiers that Lee had. Dave was in Richmond some time since, and sitting at night in the St. James Hotel he heard a fellow with a cocked hat on talking everybody nearly to death about the war. He said he had been a Colonel. Finally he drew a seat up to Dave, and asked him if he was in the war. Dave said: "Yes, I was there." "What position did you hold?" "None, sir," said Dave; "I reckon I am the loneliest man in the world." "Ah, why so?" asked the Colonel. "Why," said Dave, "I was a private in the war, and I am the only one I have ever seen since."

Cancer very seldom appears in persons under thirty. It usually comes between forty-five and sixty. It is very rare in tropical countries, more frequent among the poor than among the rich, among women than among men, and it has been noticed that among the Trappists, Carmelites and Carthusian monks it is almost unknown, a circumstance ascribed to their abstinence from meat, while it is most common in mid-Europe, where meat is most eaten. In the Netherlands and Belgium it has increased of late years. Immoral influences tend toward its production when they have a bad effect on the digestive organs.

Dr. William A. Hammond thinks that great harm results from sending children to school at too early an age. The little ones should be only taught to observe, to gain ideas of things. No child should be sent to school before the age of ten years, and twelve is a better age. Lindergartens attempt to teach children to us their perceptions, but even these are not good. A child sent to school at ten or twelve will know more at the age of fifteen than one sent at seven years. Adult use their perceptions too little, and should teach themselves to observe.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewees, an old couple living near Canton, Ohio, recently broke a silence which they had maintained towards each other while living together for nearly a quarter of a century. Nearly twenty-five years ago Mrs. Dewees desired her husband to do a trifling thing which he regarded as either impossible or unwise, and he refused. She becoming petulant with disappointment, rashly exclaimed: "If you don't, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live." "I not only will not do it," he said, aroused to anger, "but I will not speak to you until you speak first to me." At first it was difficult for them to repress the impulse to speak to each other, but, being persons of strong will, they stuck doggedly to their resolutions until it had made it easy to do so. On the night when the silence was broken Mrs. Dewees had been ill for several days, and about one o'clock in the morning she awoke in great pain, and thought her end had come. In her agony she called to her husband: "William, I believe I am dying." She did not die, however, and the old couple have been talking to each other ever since.

The corruptionists must go. According to all accounts, Charles J. Folger, secretary of the treasury, has recently spent between \$700 and \$800 of the people's money for a carriage for his own use.

Governor Glick, it is said, will be re-nominated by the Kansas democrats, and will go into the campaign as the advocate of high licence and local option, upon a platform calling for a re-submission of the prohibition amendment to the people and for a more radical and stringent railroad law.

The Boulak Arabs who make all the paper used in Egypt have been engaged in the manufacture of this article for centuries. There is an Arabic version of the "Aphorisms of Hippocrates" in the library of the Escorial, written on paper said to be made of linen, which dates from the very commencement of the thirteenth century. The present makers use linen and cotton rags and sugar cane fibre to produce their wares.

Another Proposed Reunion—A large number of the ex-Confederate soldiers of Vicksburg, Miss., and vicinity have signed an invitation to the ex-Federal soldiers in the Northwest to join them in a grand reunion at Vicksburg, April 30 and 31. As a greater portion of Gen. Grant's force that participated in the siege of Vicksburg was composed of Western men, many veterans and their sons will doubtless embrace this opportunity to visit scenes made memorable by the valor of contending armies. The object of the proposed reunion is to strengthen fraternal relations between Northern men and Southern men.

According to tradition, the first Indian reached Martha's Vineyard on a cake of ice, and found there a giant named Mushup. He had five children. He used to catch whales and great fish, and pluck up trees to make a fire, and roast them. The coals and the bones, relics of these gigantic feast are still to be seen there. To facilitate the catching of these fish he threw many large stones at proper distances into sea, on which he might walk with great ease. This is now called Devil's Bridge. Once on a time an offering was made to him of all the tobacco on Martha's Vineyard, which having smoked, he knocked the snuff out of his pipe, which formed Nantucket.

Gov. Waller, of Connecticut, has been interviewed in regard to the unpleasantness between himself and Judge Birdsell, and the publication by the latter of the Governor's private letters to him. He says there is nothing in the letters that he is ashamed of, though he regrets he did not address Birdsell as "My dear scoundrel" instead of "My dear Birdsell." The Governor says that everybody who knows him knows that he never considered Birdsell as an intimate friend. He also claims that all of his appointments are good, reliable ones, and if not, he is responsible and will take the blame. He does not propose to be run or dictated to by anybody.

Dr. Mary Walker visited the Capitol this morning, and while there demonstrated her right to masculine garments. Dr. Walker wears a silk hat, which she obtained permission of the house janitor to leave outside while she went into the room of the committee on claims. Before she put the hat down she borrowed a rubber from the accommodating janitor to erase from the hat band a scurrilous legend which she said some puppy had written on it the last time she laid the hat down. After she had disappeared in the committee room, a wag bribed a colored employe of the House to put the doctors hat on, and to go into the committee room and present it to her. The man did so, but as soon as the doctor caught sight of him she sprang to her feet, screaming: "You impudent scoundrel, and dealt the offender a blow in the eye which staggered him. She was preparing to repeat the blow when the colored man dropped the hat and hastily retired.

Tons of mail matter in the course of a year fail to reach their destination. Many packages have no address or one that is illegible. Many things are stopped in the mail because not mailable, for instance, such things as hair oil, ointments and other liquids, explosives, grease, dead animals, snakes, vegetables, candy, substances with bad odor, edge tools, unprotected glass, wedding cake, etc. These things go to the dead letter office unless called for soon. The owners of packages of value are promptly notified that they had better take their property away. Every day wedding cake and candy are confiscated. A box of candy addressed to a child was found a short time ago, to contain 245 in gold, which was restored to the owner. Among odd things recently found have been a large catfish weighing one pound and a half, a living horned toad, colored matter for adulterating beer, artificial eyes and teeth, cigars and wine. The postal authorities are entering in their efforts to restore articles of value found in the mails to their proper owners.

IS MARCH T. POLK DEAD? OR HAS HE GONE TO MEXICO?

Sensational Report that Tennessee's Defaulting Treasurer is Still Living.

NASHVILLE, March 17.—The World of this city yesterday published the following sensational and highly probable story:

On the last day of February, a sensation was created throughout the country by the report that Marshal T. Polk, the defaulting Treasurer of Tennessee, had suddenly died at his home in Nashville of something like neuralgia of the heart, and in a day or two thereafter the alleged remains of the unfortunate man were shipped to his old home at Bolivar, Tenn., and there interred. There were but few who were permitted to view the remains, but no suspicion that we have ever heard of lurked in the breast of any that all was not well—that the death was not true, but it seems now that Mr. Polk is not dead, but ere this is as free as the birds of air, and safely hidden in his Mexico mines deep in the bowels of the earth, while his alleged remains are that of a Nashville medical college subject. This information is gleaned from a gentleman by the name of Westbrook, a former resident of Nashville, who passed through this city this morning en route to the West from a trip through the South, who saw and talked with Polk at San Antonio, Texas, and promised, the fleeing felon that he would not give the matter to the press until he had passed Memphis. Polk thought by that time he would be safe, and a Times man was the first member of the press he met after having passed that point. Mr. Westbrook said he walked up to Polk and made himself known, and that he never saw a man so much affected in his life, and begged inquired him to not cause his arrest or speak of having seen him.

This, Mr. Westbrook refused to promise, but did agree not to speak of the matter until after he had passed through Memphis, but said: "I shall give the whole thing away to the first newspaper man I meet beyond the bluff City, and said he 'You are the first, and now you can use the information in any way you deem best, and can positively assert its correctness, as I know it is Polk, having known him years ago quite well, and despite his disguise, I recognized him at once.' In reply to a question from the Times man Mr. Westbrook said: "No, sir, Marsh Polk is not dead, and never has been. His friends took advantage of this condition (as a matter of fact he was sick) and assisted him to escape from the clutches of the law by means of securing the remains of a Nashville medical college subject, the subject being substituted for that of Polk, and was shipped to Bolivar, Tenn., and there buried, without the viewing the same either at Nashville or Bolivar; and while Polk's friends were pretending to grieve over his sad fate they were inwardly rejoicing over the ruse by which they had helped to gain his liberty." Polk, further said our informant, "was, when I saw him, cleanly shaven, his head covered with a wig of dark, long and curly hair, and instead of wearing a cork leg, as had been his custom, he used crutches, and; but for other peculiarities that he could not disguise, I probably would never have recognized him.

The information, if true, will raise a howl in the country, the like which has not been known for years, and we await further developments with great interest.

Watterson's Seed Experience.

"Do you notice," asked the gentleman from Philadelphia, "what a serious melancholy, almost morose look Henry Watterson's face wears? That is the result of his experience as a Congressman. His district once consented, almost unanimously, that he should come to Congress. Watterson had not fairly settled himself in Washington before an old lady down in Tennessee, who had known him when he was a boy, wrote to him for seeds. He asked a friendly old member from New York as to the formula to be used in getting seeds, and was informed that he must write to the Commissioner of Agriculture, telling what he wanted and giving the address to which he wanted the seeds sent. He did write, and other through his own careless wording of the note or somebody's mistake at the Agricultural Department, Watterson's entire supply of seeds went to the old lady in Tennessee. There were several sacks full of them. In a few days letters began to come by the score from Watterson's own constituents, each one demanding seeds. When he wrote to the Commissioner of Agriculture he was informed that his supply was exhausted. He again sought the advice of his friend the New York member, and the great somewhere and then I'll

and explained the situation. The New York man told him that there was but one course to pursue, and that was to borrow seed from members who represented only commercial and manufacturing districts. From that time on until Congress adjourned sine die, during all business hours, Watterson devoted himself exclusively to borrowing seed. That is the reason why so many people never knew that he was in Congress. He had no time for Congressional work. He had to borrow seed.

Anecdotes of Napoleon.

A suspension of arms was granted by Napoleon after the battle of Austerlitz, and an interview took place between him and the Emperor of Austria. Napoleon had caused a fire to be kindled in his bivouac; and on meeting the Emperor said: "I receive you in the only palace I have lived in for two months." "The good living you have derived from it ought to make it agreeable to you," replied the Austrian monarch, with a smile. During the siege of Saint Acre, while Napoleon was in the trenches, a shell fell at his feet, and one of the corps of Guides threw himself between him and the shell, and shielded the general with his body. Luckily the shell did not explode. At the moment, forgetful of the danger, Napoleon started up, exclaiming: "What a soldier!" This brave man was afterward General Dumont, who lost a leg at Wagram, and who was Governor of Vincennes to 1814; whose laconic reply to the Russian summons to surrender was, "Give me my leg and I will give you the place." Followed by three or four officers, Napoleon was crossing the hall to return to the Tuilleries, without being saluted by the acclamations his presence was wont to excite; an old woman cried out to him: "He must make peace." "My good lady," said the Emperor, smiling, "sell your greens, and leave those concerns to me; every one to his trade." A loud and continued hurrah was the consequence.

Printing Before the Flood.

A great deal has been said as to the inventor of the art of printing, the period when the invention itself first saw the light and the locality where it was born. Two out of three of these points need not, however, excite discussion. It is a good while since the remark that "there is nothing new under the sun" was made, but anterior to that remote period—namely, some 4,000 years ago—the first printing machine existed in Babylon!

If proof be required of this rather startling assertion it may easily be found, for it exists no further off than Trinity College, Cambridge, England. In that place there is preserved a solid cylindrical figure, about seven inches in length and three inches in diameter at each end. On the surface of this miniature cask-like cylinder, minutely and finely wrought characters are engraved, and these are arranged in vertical lines. It is, therefore, a striking example of the ingenuity of the ancients, and shows their method of preserving and multiplying national or family records. It is quite evident from the indented lettering of the Babylonian printing machine—for such it really is—that some means of applying pressure to it was in use among the Ninevites. "Typos." This being so, the primitive appliance at Cambridge must be said to embody the identical principle of the newspaper machines of the present day.

The Magnificence of Orthodoxy.

At soon as the missionary begins to doubt the story about the Garden of Eden and future punishment he returns from India and goes into the insurance business. [Laughter.] "Ninety-nine churches out of every hundred," said Mr. Talmage, "were built by men who believe in the whole Bible. They may preach some other doctrine now, but it is a heterodox gun on an orthodox carriage. Theodore Parker preached against orthodoxy in Boston, and when I was a boy I thought to myself, down goes the church-steeple. The Park Congregational church was on the corner opposite, and they called it derisively the hell-fire corner. But Theodore Parker died and his church died with him, while the Congregational church still stands on hell-fire corner thundering orthodoxy as though Theodore Parker had never lived. All that was ever worth receiving came through orthodox channels from heaven. John Milton, Martin Luther, Rufus Choate, Daniel Webster, and John Calhoun were orthodox from scalp to heel. Where did you come from? I say to the man who believes in the bible in spots. 'Oh, in generations back, there was an orangutan, a polly-wog or a tadpole, from which in thousands of years I have evolved.' When do you expect to go? I ask this man. 'Oh, when I die I'll get into the ever-living; then I'll get in to the great somewhere and then I'll

be transported to the glorious anywhere and finally I'll fetch up in the great nowhere.' Brooklyn or New York with Sing Sing, the Tombs, Raymond street jail and all the smaller hospitals enticed into them would be preferable to heaven if there were no hell. And if this be true, then I turn aside from such a debauched heaven. If this be true there would be congregated side by side Tom Paine and the great Whitfield, Jesabel and Florence Nightingale, John Wilks Booth and Abraham Lincoln, Charles J. Guiteau and James A. Garfield, and all the other murderers and their victims. Don't jump overboard from the staunch old Great Eastern of orthodoxy until something better is presented to you. Don't take to the fantastic yawl that leaks at the bow and leaks at the stern, and which has a steel screw for one ear and a gilt tongue for the other one; which dips one side and then to the other, until you don't know whether the passengers will be swamped or landed on the breakers of heresy."

The Queen of All.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but she is not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and sunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other on earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disgraced by vice. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

Tim's Dove.

One day, when little Tim Ray was picking berries in a field, he found a dove with a broken wing. He carried it home, and bound the wing close to the dove's side with a linen band. Soon the wing was well as ever and the dove could fly again; but it did not want to fly away from Tim, for it had grown very tame. Tim was glad to have it stay, for he had no toys or pets. When he went to pick berries, the dove would go too, perched on his shoulder. Tim named it Fairy, and taught it to come at his call, and to eat from his hand. At night the dove would roost on the head of Tim's bed. Tim's mother was taken very sick. There was no one to nurse her but Tim; and when she could not eat, and began to grow worse, Tim went for a doctor.

"She will get well if she has good food," said the doctor. "She must have chicken or meat broth." Tim had no money to buy meat; but all at once he thought of his dove. He could not bear to kill it. He saw a neighbor going by the house, and he ran out and put the dove in her hands. "Please kill my dove," he said, "and make my mother some broth; she is so sick."

Then he ran in the house, and tried not to think of his poor little dove. He did not want his mother to see him cry, for she would have said that the dove should not be killed. In about an hour the neighbor brought some good hot broth; and when Tim's mother ate it, she said she felt almost well again. "You shall have some more to-morrow," said the woman. "I will make broth for you every day until you are well again."

Tim followed the woman to the door as she went away, and said, so that his mother should not hear, that he had no more doves, and did not know how to get meat for more broth. Before the woman could reply, there was a little rustle of wings, and Fairy flew in and perched on Tim's shoulder. "Cool cool!" she said, pecking at his cheek.

"You see I did not kill your dove," said the woman. "I made the broth from a chicken, and I have plenty more at home. You were a good boy to be willing to have your pet dove killed to make broth for your mother." How happy Tim was! He loved his dove better than ever, now that he had a back again. His mother did not know until she was quite well how near she had come to eating poor little Fairy. —Florence B. Hollenbeck in Our Little Ones.

A Homely Illustration of Faith.

Sam Jones was talking to a man of weak faith the other day. The doubter asked if Mr. Jones could not give him a demonstration of religion. "None," was the reply. "You must get inside the fold, and demonstration will come of itself. Humble yourself, have faith, and you shall know the truth."

"In other words, I must believe, accept it before it is proved and believe it without proof." "Now hold on right here. Out West they have a place for watering cattle. The cattle have to mount a platform to reach troughs. As they step on the platform their weight presses a lever and this throws the water into the troughs. They have to get on the platform through faith, and this act provides the water and leads them to it. You are like a smart steer that slips around to the barnyard and peeps in the trough without getting on the platform. He finds the trough dry, of course, for it needs his weight on the platform to force water up. He turns away disgusted, and tells everybody there's no water in the trough. Another steer not so smart but with more faith, steps on the platform, the water springs into the trough, and he marches up and drinks. That's the way with religion. You've got to get on the platform. You can't even examine it intelligently until you are on the platform. If you slide around the back way, you'll find the trough dry. But step on the platform, and the water and the faith come together without any trouble—certain and sure and abundant."

A Six Thousand-year-old Snake.

"We want to see the big snake." Such was the request made of Mr. D. M. Lienhardt in explanation of a ring at the door-bell of his residence, No. 1025 Poplar Street, the other morning. On the steps were gathered a half-dozen children belonging to that neighborhood, ranging in age from five to twelve years, who cautiously inquired if the serpent were likely to harm them. They were told that no harm would befall them, and so the little ones entered. No sooner had the door closed when another tug at the bell informed Mr. Lienhardt that more callers were awaiting to be admitted to satisfy their curiosity. This time the visitors proved to be adults, and so a steady stream of men, women and children kept up all day, much to the discomfort of the obliging owner of the thing which many had come for squares around to see. Entering the hall the spectators beheld a petrified snake twelve feet long and twenty inches in circumference, weighing 375 pounds. It was found a month ago imbedded in a coal vein in one of the mines of the Leonard Coal Company, in Centre County, Pa. The miner who ran across the remarkable specimen of petrification, many hundred feet beneath the earth's surface, was thunderstruck at the discovery, and experienced something like a cold chill down his back for the first few moments after his pick had brought to light the serpent's head. He called his comrades, and they aided him in digging it out. It had to be cut into sixteen sections before it was gotten out of the vein. The snake was exhibited for several days in a hut near the mine, and people for miles around flocked to the place to see the strange thing, the like of which, it was said, had never before been seen in those parts.

An officer of the Leonard Coal Company obtained possession of it, and had it on private exhibition for several days at his office, No. 207 Walnut Place. He soon became tired of the rush, which included brokers and business men, to his office to get a glimpse of the petrified snake, so he presented it to its present owner. The latter has also been run down by visitors, but his love for curiosities is so great that he would sooner put up with such annoyance than part with his present.

The snake is a dark lead color. Its head, body and tail are wonderfully well preserved, the outlines being quite distinct. It is somewhat flattened on top, and through the centre of the body is a ridge an inch in depth.

A well-informed naturalist, connected with the Academy of Natural Sciences, examined the thing for two hours on Saturday last. He said it was the best petrified specimen he ever saw, and he claims to be well acquainted with it. The ridge he pointed out as being due to the winding motion of the entrails and muscles of the snake previous to the time when it was petrified. He declared that the snake was fully 6,000 years old, and belonged to a species now found in certain portions of Asia.

Heavy Rain.

The heavy rain in the afternoon of Saturday last, did not do much for the crops, but it did do much for the people. It was a relief to lay, show the people that the crops were not so bad as they had been feared to be. —The People.